HEAVY SUIT FOR DAMAGES

Insurance Company Comes Down on Auditor Henderson for Libel.

Wants \$100,000 for Being Blacklisted-Cigar Makers Again After Ryder-Various Matters in the Courts.

Auditor of State Henderson and his chief deputy, George W. Duke, were yesterday made defendants in a libel suit for \$100,000 damages. The plaintiffs in the action are one hundred underwriters of New York city, who have been operating in this State as the "Guarantee and Accident Lloyds." The plaintiffs allege that they are not a corporation, and are not, therefore, required to comply with the laws of the State regulating corporations, for the noncompliance with which they were put upon the blacklist. The "Lloyde" system of insurance, they allege, is an old and reliable system inaugurated in the city of London about 1688, and under which the underwriters conduct the business in their individual capacity, and not as a corporation, each underwriter or insurer being individually and personally liable for a certain designated pro rata portion of the total insurance. In support of their ability to meet all obligations they allege that they have deposited with the New York Security and Trust Company the sum of \$100,000, and that they are indi-

vidually worth \$400,000,000. The suit is based upon the action of the Auditor in placing the "Guarantee and Accident Lloyds" upon the blacklist in March of this year and the publication of that fact in the daily papers of this city. The plaintiffs allege that prior to the blacklisting they carried on a large business in this State, which has been materially decreased since the publication of their blacklisting. They ask judgment in the sum of \$1,000 each, making a total of \$100,000.

Ryder and the Cigar Makers, The local lodge of the Cigar Makers' Union is again after Joseph M. Ryder, a cigar and whisky dealer at No. 145 West Washington street. Yesterday afterneon David Lowrie, an officer of the local union, went before Justice Daniels and made affidavit upon which a search warrant was issued authorizing the search of his premises for bogus union labels. Armed with the search warrant Constable Sorters, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, went to Ryder's place and, reading the warrant, asked to be permitted to make a search. Ryder offered objections at first, but when the officer threatened to open the drawers of a cabinet by force if they were not unlocked, the keys were produced and the drawers opened. Inside the drawers were found 175 bogus labels and a counterfeit union stencil, which were taken possession of and turned over to the court.

Ryder was arrested last summer for having in his possession bogus union labels and was prosecuted by the local union. He was acquitted upon trial on account of a defective law. The last Legislature medified the law so as to cure the defect, and since that time the local union has been keeping a close watch on his business, feeling confident that he was still using bogus labels. A few days ago Lowrie went into the store and purchased a box of cigars from the boy in charge of the place during Ryder's absence. When the cigars were produced Lowrie noticed that they were not stamped with the union stenoil and refused to take them without the stamp. "Oh I can fix that in a little while," replied the boy, and, reaching into a drawer, he drew out the counterfeit stamp and stamped the label in Lowrie's presence. Lowrie took the cigars and turned them over to Henry Spaan, attorney for the local union, and upon his advice the search warrant was procured.

Sent to the Reformatory. Lizzie Gale, on the petition of Lovina Streight, widow of the late Gen. A. D. Streight, was sent to the Reform School for Girls by Judge Brown, sitting in chambers yesterday. The girl is thirteen years of age, and was born in the Huntington county poorhouse, from which institution she was taken by General Streight when she was six years of age, and indentured to him by the Huntington county orphanage. The petition of Mrs. Streight alleged that the girl was unmanageable and incor-

His Queer Hallucination. Harry Carlisle, a laborer thirty-two years of age, was declared insane yesterday. He has a peculiar delusion that his dead mother's spirit has appeared before him and ordered him to marry and reform a certain woman of the town, and he has threatened to kill her because she refuses to be reformed. Jane Carter was also declared to be of

Given to the Board. The sherift went to Lawrence township yesterday and took into custody! Ethel, Grace and Gertrude Wildenner, under a decree of the Circuit Court, taking them from the custody of their father. Samuel Wildenner, and giving them into charge of the Board of Children's Guardians. They were taken to the home of the board by the

Thomas Ware Reieased, Thomas Ware, indicted for petit larceny. was released upon his personal recognizance during good behavior by Judge Cox

"CALLING THE COWS."

A Little Girl's Description of the Picture and the Story She Evolved to Fit It.

The following was written by a little girl at the time of the last art exhibit in this city. It was suggested by the famous picture, "Calling the Cows," which was so universally admired. The descriptions are perfect, and the story woven out of the picture is certainly very poetic and beau-

In Miller's creek, near Blake's farm, three cows wade lazily. A few birds, startled by their passing, are flying toward the setting sun. To one side is the figure of a young girl leaning against a cow. Her pretty head is turned westward, her white waist is low, and her sleeves are rolled up, showing plump neck and arms. She has on a black bodice and overskirt, with a garnet skirt showing beneath. Her bare feet are half hidden in the tall grass in which she stands. On her arm she carries a wooden milk pail. Nancy Blake is the adopted daughter of the old couple who occupy the neat white cottage beroses began to bloom in the quaint old-fashioned garden this year, a young poet and his mother have been boarding with the Blakes. The poet's name is Kenneth Blane. Nancy's light-brown hair, gray eyes and girlish ways just suited this young man's fancy and he decided to woo her. wondering all the time what his city "sisters" would think when they heard of it, of his deserting them for this country maiden. Much to John Jones's unhappiness, Nancy liked the poet no less than he liked her, for there was something in his great brown eyes, curly black hair, pleasant manner and fashionable attire that was such a change from John's prickly red hair, bright blue eyes and turkey-blue Sun-

day suit. There was a time, which Nancy can recall, when she lived in a beautiful house in New York, and where everything was done to please her, the only child. That is what she is thinking of now while the early dew is falling; and she is wishing to be a fine lady. Two years have passed. In one of the field hospitals at Gettysburg a tired nurse bends tenderly over the body of a dying man. His eyes open. They look vacant until they fall on that worn face, which is Nancy's. Then a smile lights up his countenance, and, clasping her hand in his, he sleeps to wake no more. Nancy never loved another man. John Jones found and leved another woman, though, and married her, who was more suited to him than Nancy. The old couple still live in the neat, white cottage, but they know nothing of Nancy. Some of the people in her village say that, in the early autumn, every evening, just at sunset Nancy stands near the creek, beside her cow, in her olden dress, with her face towards the setting sun, "Calling the Cows."

The story is about a picture, by L. Delisser, named, "Calling the Cows."

THEY TOLD A FAIRY TALE.

Willie and George Faber Relate a Remarkable Story of Abduction.

Last Monday morning Willie and George Faber, residing with their mother, at No. 228 Prospect street, disappeared from their home in a strange fashion. Willie is twelve years old and his brother ten. On account of the extreme youth of her missing sons, Mrs. Faber grew greatly alarmed, and notified the police of the matter. A sharp search of the city was made for the youngsters but they were not found and until yesterday noon nothing was heard of them, Yesterday, as the Faber family were about to sit down to dinner, the younger members of the household uttered a glad shout as Willie and George walked in and took possession of the vacant chairs without a word. Mrs. Faber, after the first joyful excitement had passed. importuned the lads for an explanation of their conduct, but for some time both refused to speak. Finally, by dint of coaxing and threats. Willie Faber proceeded to unfold the details of a most remarkable fairy story. About 10 o'clock last Monday morning, while he and George were engaged in some light work at the barn in the rear of their home, they were approached by a strange man who walked leisurely up the alley and stopped to talk to them. In a few moments the man called the younger brother to one side and conversing with the boy in a low tone, turned to Willie, and in a fierce voice ordered him to "come on." The frightened youth was not inclined to obey, but the stranger, catching him by coat collar, and serving George in a like manner, dragged the out of the alley and into the street. Here the abductor drew a revolver and a knife and informed his captives that if they did not obey his commands he would kill them. They then followed the strange man by a circuitious route to a railroad which the boys describe as the Big Four. A train was on the eve of starting and the man grabbing both of his prisoners tossed them upon the pilot. They were afraid to cry out and the movement was unnoticed by the trainmen. The train slowly made its way out of the city, the frightened youngsters clinging in terror to the head end. Once out of town the engine increased its speed and the boys describe their ride as something terrible.

They claim that their trip did not end until sunset Monday evening, when they arrived in Chicago and climbed down from their uncomfortable perch. Their peculiar actions about the railroad station attracted the attention of another strange man, when they stated to him they lived in Indianapolis, found them a berth on a freight train and they were brought home. Both boys relate the same experience, but Mrs. Faber, in light of the fact that her pocketbook, containing \$2, disappeared at about the same hour as her sons left her, is not inclined to place much confidence in the kidnaping story. Willie Faber was brought dewn to police beadquarters last night and was closely questioned by the officers, to whom he told the story with apparent truthfulness.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

Commander-in-Chief Weissert Visits the

City and Approves It. Commander-in-chief Weissert, Adjutantgeneral Gray, H. S. Dietrich, of Chicago, and W. H. Armstrong, of the council of administration, had a conference yesterday morning with Colonel Lilly, Director Fortune and other members of the executive committee, and Department Commander Johnston and staff. The commander-inchief, who has just returned from a tour through the East, reports the attendance will be larger, so far as veterans are concerned, than at any previous encampment. Many matters of interest were considered. and a programme arranged which embraces

Friday, Sept. 1-Reception of the naval veterans on the Kearsarge. Saturday-Parade of the naval veterans. Sunday-Naval veterans at divine services. Monday-Arrival of the G. A. R. and escort to quarters. Meeting of the Naval Veterans' Association at Masonic Hall. At night, electric and

natural-gas displays and camp-fires at Tomlinson Hall; Governor Matthews's reception to the commander-in-chief and department officers at Tuesday-G. A. R. parade. Line of march: Form in Seventh and adjoining streets north and south, near Illinois and Meridian. At 10:30 the head of the parade will move south if Meridian street to New York, east in New York to Pennsylvania, south to Market and east in Market to New Jersey, south in New Jersey to Washington and west in Washington to Missouri, where the parade will disband. The parade will be about seven hours in passing a given point. The navy veterans and S. of V. will act as guards of honor.

Reunions will be held after the parade. At night the W. R. C. will hold a reception at Tomlinson Hall and a display of fireworks will be held in the eastern part of the city. Wednesday-National Encampment G. A. R. meet at Tomlinson Hall. The W. R. C. meets at Roberts Park Church. Ladies of the G. A. R. meet at Y. M. C. A. Hall. Daughters of Veterans meet at the Second Presbyterian Church. The N. T. C. C. Guards meet. Army corps, division and brigade reunions will be beld. At night campfires and receptions will be

Thursday - Meetings and reunions will be continued. At night the war pageantry. Friday-The sessions of the national bodies will continue. At night the farewell reception will

The commander-in-chief announced that Sept. 9 had been set aside as G. A. R. day at the world's fair. An effort will be made to have the far open on the Sunday following.

Grand Army Notes. Alvin P. Hovey Post, of West Indianapolis, will give an entertainment at Spencer Opera House, Thursday evening, July 20. Commander-in-chief Weissert had not heard of the declination of ex-Quartermaster-general Taylor to be a candidate for commander-in-chief, but presumed that the report might be true, as Captain Taylor is actively engaged in local politics in Phila-

deiphia. Post No. 274, at Valeene, Ind., recently adopted the following resolution by a unauimous vote in a meeting at which nearly every member was present:

Resolved. That we pledge ourselves not to vote for any candidate for the Legislature who will not pledge himself to use his influence and vote to have the figures 1846 and 1848 removed from the upper astragal of the State soldiers' monu-

"I am watching," said a G. A. R. man yesterday, "to see if a person recently appointed postmaster in one of our suburbs is awarded a pension from our present authorities. He was employed at Camp Morton at least two years as a carpenter on full pay. At the very last he enlisted and

got the bounty and remained drawing full wages as a carpenter until mustered out. He has made application for a pension."

STRANGE LIGHT IN THE HEAVENS.

A Flashing Column in the Northwest Causes Considerable Speculation.

There was a strange column of light in the northwestern heavens, last night, from 9 o'clock until after 10, and many people on the streets thought it was the tail of the recently discovered comet. From the Circle it seemed to be directly over North Indianapolis. People at North Indianapolis telephoned into the city to ascertain what the light was, but they could get no satisfactory explanation. It seemed like reflection of some huge electric flash light. Some pronounced it one of the northern lights, although it was not in that part of the heavens where the northern lights are usually seen.

CITY NEWS NOTES.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to Albert Braun and Anna Burkert, Theodore Mellinger and Mary C. Scott, John E. Teal and Mary Miller.

Coroner Beck yesterday presented to the County Commissioners a bill for \$422.80. The bill has not yet been allowed by the A sneakthief entered the residence of E. A. Parker, on Twelfth street, on Friday

night, and made way with the pocketbook of a guest and several small articles. Governor Matthews has been unable to visit his office for the past two days, having contracted an acute attack of neuralgia. His illness is not of a serious

Pawhuska Tribe, No. 122, Improved Order of Red Men, was incorporated, yester-day, and articles filed with the Secretary of State. The lodge will be located at Riley, Vigo county. The members of the fire department are

starting a subscription list, headed by Chief Webster and members of the Board of Safety, for the benefit of the families of the Chicago firemen killed in the cold-storage-house fire.

Jacob Reed's Family Troubles. Jacob Reed and wife, of No. 13 Oriole estrangement between the Reeds began a fortnight ago, and enlminated last night by Jacob presenting his wife with a pair of black eyes. The trouble between the Reeds, it appears, all originated in the colinary department of the house. Some time since, when he found that Mrs. Reed was not disposed to cater to his inner man, he took umbrage and invited his daughter, Mrs. Lilly Beaver, a young widow, to take up her residence at his home, thinking that by this scheme he would be able to get his meals cooked occasionally. Here was the greatest error of Jacob's life. Instead of poring over the kitchen stove, Lilly spent her time with her books and other accomplishments. Last night when Reed went home and found a cheerless larder he flew into a rage, and addressed a remark to his daughter that caused her to say some very mean things. The upshot of the matter was that the irate father slapped Mrs. Beaver's jaws until they partook of the color of the June rose. Then Mrs. Reed took a hand and was batted about the room in a most ungraceful fashion, and the general domestic quiet of the house took on the form of a riot. Officers Shafer and Hoover arrested Jacob on a warrant sworn out by his wife, charging him with assault and battery on herself and daugh-

Fike's New Game,

A man giving the name of George Fike called at the boarding house kept by a Mrs. Burns at No. 32 North Mississippi street yesterday, and claiming to represent the electric-light company stated that he desired to contract for board for ten men. After a satisfactory rate had been agreed upon Fike produced a bill as payment in advance. Mrs. Burns took out her pocketbook to get some change, when Fike snatched a dollar from her hand and fled. He was arrested later by patrolman Duty.

A Small Fire. The fire department were called to No. 549 West Washington street yesterday evening to extinguish a blaze in the roof of a cottage at that number. The fire communicated to two adjoining residences and did slight damage before the department gained control. The houses are in charge of the Metzger agency; loss, \$200.

Run Over by a Beer Wagon.

A boy, whose name could not be learned was run over by a brewery wagon late yesterday evening, on the South Side. His injuries are of a serious nature. He was sent to his home at No. 78 Harmon street.

THE SNAIL'S MOUTH,

A Naturalist Says It Is Welt No Big Wild Beast Has One Like It.

"It is a fortunate thing for man and the rest of the animal kingdom," said the naturalist, "that no large wild animal has a mouth constructed with the devouring apparatus built on the plan of the insignificant-looking snail's mouth, for that animal could out-devour anything that lives. The snail itself is such an entirely unpleasant, not to say loathsome, creature to handle, that few amateur naturalists care to bother with it, but by neglecting the snail they miss studying one of the most interesting objects that come under their

"Any one who has noticed a snail feeding on a leaf must have wondered how such a soft, nabby, slimy animal can make such a sharp and clean-cut incision in the leaf, leaving an edge as smooth and straight as if it had been out with a knife. That is due to the peculiar and formidable mouth he has. The enail eats with his tongue and the roof of his mouth. The tongue is a ribbon which the snail keeps in a coil in his month. This tongue is, in reality, a band saw, with the teeth on the surface instead of on the edge. The teeth are so small that as many as S0,000 of them have been found on one snail's tongue. They are exceedingly sharp, and only a few of them are used at a time. Not exactly only a few of them. but a few of them comparatively, for the snail will probably have four thousand or five thousand of them in use at once. He does this by means of his coiled tongue. He can uncoil as much of this as he chooses, and the uncoiled part he brings into service. The roof of his month is as hard as bone. He grasps the leaf between his tongue and that hard substance and, rasping away with his tongue, saws through the toughest leaf with ease, always leaving the edge smooth and straight. "By use the teeth wear off or become dulied. When the snail finds that this tool is becoming blunted he uncoils another section and works that out until he has come to the end of the coil. Then he coils the tongue up again and is ready to start in new, for while he has been using the latter portions of the ribbon the teeth have grown in again in the idle portions-the saw has been filed and reset, so to speak -and while he is using them the teeth in the back part of the coil are renewed. So I think I am right in saving that if any large beast of prey was fitted up with such a devouring apparatus as the snail has, it would go hard with the rest of the animal kingdom."

All Turned Out Well.

Atlanta Constitution. "All your boys turned out well, die "Yes, I reckon they did."

What's John doing?" "He's a-curin' of fever in Texas." "And Dick!" "He's enlargin' of a country newspaper an' a-collectin' of subscriptions." "And William-what's he doing?"

"He's a-preachin' of the gospel an splittin' rails fer a livin." "And what are you doing!" "Well, I'm a-supportin' of John, an' Dick,

an' William!" An Artist's First Thought.

Harper's Weekly. The Johnson family visit the great White City. Pateriamilias (entering the gate at the head of the processioni-Great lan'. Gloriah! I'd a giben dat spotted mule ob mine for the contrac' ob whitewashin' dis yer place!

DID HE POISON HER?

Death Near Boston of a Woman Who Lived with the Notorious Dr. Meyer.

Boston, July 14.-The notorious Dr. Henry Meyer hved in Newton about two years ago. He lodged on Washington street. The Doctor was liberally supplied with money. He spent most of his earnings in Boston and would return at noon with elaborate dinners, prepared and packed in a tin case at a Boston hotel. After the first two weeks the Doctor brought a woman with him, who, he said, was his wife. The supposed Mrs. Meyer was a woman of the presence and was beautifully dressed. She wore a great number of jewels. After a residence of a few months in this place Mrs. Meyer became ill, and a physician announced that there was no hope of her recovery. On the day before she died Mr. Meyer brought a man and a young woman to the house, and took them to the room of the dying woman. From conversation which was overneard it was inferred that the woman who had been living with Dr. Meyer was not his wife, and that he had brought her real husband to visit her on her death bed. The lewels which the woman wore were given to the visitors. Soon after the death of his companion Dr. Meyer left Newton.

SOME FIN DE SIECLE FIGURES. Interesting Facts About Dates Which Fal on the Same Day.

The year 1900 will not be a leap year simply because, being a hundredth year, although it is divisible by four, it is not divisible by four hundred without a re-mainder. This is not the real reason, but a result of it, the real reason being the establishment of the Gregorian rule made in 1582. The nineteenth century will not end till midnight of Monday, Dec. 81, 1900, although the old quarrel will probably again be renewed as to what constitutes a century when it winds up, and thousands will insist on a premature burial of the old century at midnight of Dec. 31, 1899. But as a century means 100 years, and as the first century could not end till a full 100 years had passed, nor the second till 200 years had passed, etc., it is not logically clear why the nineteenth century should be curtailed and broken off before we have had the full 1900 years. With wheat and such commodities there is sometimes more or less dealing in shorts, but not with time. In Massachusetts, especially, short sales are prohibited; we are entitled to, and shall need, the full measure, and we turn no sharper corner when we start on a new century than when we wake in the morning. The 1st of April and the 1st of July in any year, and in leap years the 1st of January, fall on the same day of the week. The 1st of September and lat of December in any year fall on the same week day. The 1st of January and the 1st of October in any year fall on the same week day, except it be a leap year. The 1st of February, of March and of November of any year fall on the same day of the week, unless it be a leap year, when Jan. 1, April 1 and July 1 fail on the same week day The 1st of May, 1st of June and 1st of August in any year never fall on the same week day, nor does any one of the three ever fall on the same week day on which any other month in the same year begins, except in leap year, when the lat of February and the 1st of August fall on the same To find out on what day of the week any

date of this century fell: Divide the year by 4 and let the remainder go. Add the quotient and the year together, then add three more. Divide the result by 7, and if the remainder is 0, March 1 of that year was Sunday; if 1, Monday; if 2, Tuesday, and so on. The day can easily be found by the old couplet, "At Dover dwells," etc. For the last century do the same thing, but add 4 instead of 8. For the next century add 2 instead. It is needless to go beyond the next century, because its survivors will probably have some shorter method, and find out by simply touching a knob or letting a knob touch them. Christmas of any year always falls on the same day of the week as the 2d of January of that year, unless it be a leap year, when it is the same week day as the 3d day of January of that year. Easter is always the first Sunday after full moon that happens on or next after March 21. It is not easy to see how it can occur earlier than March 22 or later than April 26 any year. New Year (Jan. 1) will happen on Sunday but once more during the century-that will be in 1989. In the inext century it will occur fourteen times only, as follows: 1905, 1911 1922, 1928, 1983, 1989, 1960, 1966, 1961, 1967, 1978, 1984, 1989 and 1995. The intervals are regu-

plain sailing till 2001, when the old intervals will occur in regular order. ACCIDENT INSURANCE FOR WOMEN Some Difficulties in the Way of Their Realization of Benefits.

lar-6-5-6-11, 6-5-6-11-except the interval

which includes the hundredth year that

is not a century, when there is a break

-as 1898, 1899, 1905, 1911-when three inter-

vals of six years come together; after that

minded, in its unpleasant popular acceptation, was talking to some friend the other day.

"I wonder," she said. "If it will surprise you as much as it did me to find that women are only partially eligible to benent by an accident insurance policy. "A woman may take out such a policy; in fact, she needs only to hint that she meditates such an act to be flooded with

circulars and besieged by agents. "But the rules of the companies in regard to a woman are fearfully and wonderfully constructed. Suppose that a woman -one of the army of self-supporting women who earn their own daily bread and, in many cases, that of their families-suppose such a woman to have an insurance policy against accident. And suppose still further, that she is in some kind of a disaster, has a leg broken, and is thus dis-

abled and incapacitated for work. "Does she receive the stipulated weekly sum scheduled as the payment for her particular injury?

"Not a bit of it. "If she had been killed her surviving heirs would have profited to the extent of the policy, but so long as the breath of life can be kept in the mutilated body the woman herself gets nothing.

"Two points are advanced in explanation of this course. In the first place it is presumed that accident insurance is only for people who are deprived of a whole or part of their income because of injury received, and it is also presumed that women are not self-supporting, and that their income is not affected if they are hurt. This would imply that no one who is not a money earner would be eligible to weekly pay-

ments in case of injury. "But it isn't so. Any man is eligible, even if he never earned a cent and never will. Then, too, it certainly ought to be the case that a woman who does earn her living could have the same protection against the loss of an income because of accident as a man. But, no! She may earn thousands of dollars a year, but she is a woman, and, therefore, 'presumably' not self-supporting.

"The second point-and I just want you to listen to this!-is that more women are injured than men. I was talking with an insurance man about this, and he admitted that there are more men burt in the aggregate than there are women. 'But,' he said, women are so much more liable to injury. "I just stared at him.

"'You see,' he went on, 'if a car comes along I jump right on, while a woman stands on the corner and just waves her umbrella.

"'Yes,' I said. 'You try to jump on the car and you slip and go under the wheels. The woman stays in safety on the sidewalk, waves her umbrella wildly, and puts out some man's eye with it. The men both get ever so many dollars a week. The only person unburt is the woman, on whom the company declines to take risks!" "Pshaw!" and the lady looked triumphantly at her hearers, who agreed, to a woman, that she was quite right.

New Yorkers Learn Something. Harper's Weekly.

There is no question about the enthusiasm felt by those who have visited the Columbian Exposition, at Chicago. It prevails-one might almost say that it ragesamong all classes. Anyone who has not yet "done" the fair, and particularly anyone who says that he does not intend to do so. is bound to pass a bad quarter of an bour if he falls among the actual visitors. The en-

rule. The usual visitor, on the contrary, is generally in a condition of excited humility. He feels that he has learned much, but he feels even more keenly how very much he needed to learn, and seems to regard with a certain shame the depth of ignorance in which he would have rested had be remained at home. This is especially true of the New York men, and more especially true of the New York women, some of whom return from Chicago with a half-rueful, half-comical sense that their great city is a trifle "provincial." So far as that implies indifference to things outside the life of the city, there is some excuse for the feeling; but then it should be said, in mitigation, that your true New Yorker is apt to be just as indifferent to things within the city life. There is no doubt, however, that a few weeks in Chicago just now is an excellent remedy for indifference of all kinds.

MORE THAN PATRIOTISM.

The Veteran Relates an Incident of the

Detroit Free Press. "As a rule," said the veteran, before the Old Soldier Club, "the confederate soldier was as loyal to his cause as he was brave in defense of it. But toward the last some of them began to weaken. One night, when we were before Richmond, where we had our breastworks so close to those of the other fellows that we held frequent exchanges of visits, a big, long, lean chap called and asked if he might drop in on us for some tobacco, and we let him come. When he landed among us we had a pot of coffee builing, some hot bread, made in a skillet, and some mighty juicy bacon done to a turn. The smell of it was fine, even to us bluecoats used to good living, and to the hungry grayback it must have been powerful. Anyhow, when he got a sniff of it he jumped as if he had been shot.

"What's that?' he asked. "'Victuals,' said I, hiting the lid of the coffeepot. "'How offen do you git 'em this a-way. says he.

"Every day,' says I. " 'Shore!' says he.

"We'll swear to it,' says I. "He looked at it with his eyes stuck out like saucers, and his mouth was watering like a sugar tree in spring. "'Kin I have some!' says he.

"'All you can hold,' says I. "'Hold on a minute,' says be, and with that he climbed up on the breastwork and. slinging his gun and accoutrements back

to his own side, he sung out: "Here, boys, take them goverment traps, and good-bye. I've struck somethin' that's worth tightin' fer, an' fightin' bard,' and then he dodged down where the supper was, and from that time till the close of the war he stuck right by us, and when the war was all over he went back to his farm in the North Carolina mountains.'

AN EARLY SNAP.

Baby Was Photographed Before It Had Much Experience in the World.

I saw yesterday the most remarkable photograph ever made of a human being. It was a photograph of the youngest person that ever had a picture taken. The subject is Clare May Kivlan, of Leominster, who was born May 20, and seven minutes after her birth her photograph was taken. The happy father was the photographer. Mr. Kivian is the proprietor of a gallery, and his family live on the same floor. As soon as the bit of brand new humanity could be wrapped in a flannel and placed in a little basket, the doctor, acting upon a thought which came to him sud-

"Come. John, hurry up, I've got an idea for you.' "At this Mr. Kivlan returned, when the doctor said:

denly, called to Mr. Kivlan, who had just

stepped into an adjoining room:

"Now, if you want to break the record in taking young children get out your camera. I'll hold the baby and you can snap No sooner said than the father rushed

across the hallway and soon returned with his apparatus. Again he rushed out, and this time returned with a cloud background, saying: "We'll use this; it will look as if she just dropped from them."

The result of these hurried preparations is an excellent portrait of the child when only between seven and eight minutes old -or young. The picture shows little Clare taking the first yawn of her life.

VICISSITUDES OF A DIAMOND. The Story of Its Adventures Before It Came

to the Austrian Treasury. Jewelers' Circular. The imperial treasury of Austria contains the Florentine diamond. This is one of the finest diamonds of the world, and it is noted for its luster and brilliancy. It is worth \$450,000 and has a romantic history connected with it. It once belonged to Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, who seems to have been rather careless in guarding his treasures.

He went to battle one day with this diamond in his pocket, and the result was that be lost it. The diamond lay on the road and a Swiss soldier picked it up. He looked upon it as a piece of glass and threw it down again, but as it fell the sun's rays caught it, and the soldier thinking it a pretty trinket, concluded to carry it along as a pocket piece. Shortly after this he showed it to a priest. The priest admired t and gave him a coin amounting to abou 50 American cents for it. The priest sold it to a jeweler for 60 cents, and a rich merchant paid the jeweler \$2,500 for it. The merchant sold it to an Italian Duke for \$1,000 advance on his price, and the duke sold it to one of the popes, who paid \$60,000

for its possession. After a number of other similar adventures it came into the possession of a grand duke who married the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria, and through her it came to this imperial treasury. It now belongs to the royal family and has its place in what is considered one of the finest collections in the world.

Roscoe Conking's Generosity.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll sat in the surrogate's office the other day. Mopping his high forhead he said: "I never enter this room without having

my thoughts recur to Roscoe Conkling and his tactful manners. It was during the time the Hoyt will was being contested. I had occasion to pay frequent visits to this place, and was somewhat annoyed by a poor fellow who used to stand out in the corridor and lay for me each morning to ask for a small loan. He was one of that vast class who exist in the flickering light of former affluence. On one particular day I was not in the happiest of moods; so when my impecunious customer 'bored' me for another loan I said to him: "'What! here again. What did you do

with that two dollars I gave you yesterday? Gone already! "The fellow mumbled some apologetic reply, to which I said:
"I'm getting tired of your making a

steady target of me. Why don't you give some other man a chance! "Conkling came along and seemed to take in the situation at a glance, for he said, with his most engaging smile-it was soft and sweet as a gentlewoman's: "'It's my chance to-day, Colonel,' and

diving down into his waistcoat pocket he fished out a crisp bill. As my bewildered pensioner took it and shuffled off Conkling said gayly: "Now remember, Colonel, 1t's your

chance to-morrow. "Do you know, he made me feel down right small. Conkling was a great and good man," added the eloquent lawyer musingly.

German in the Schools.

The Journal has often pointed out that, valuable as a knowledge of German may be, it is not practical to teach it in the public schools. If it were taught properly it would occupy too much time, to the disadvantage of more important studies. On the other hand, the smattering a pupil gets now is worth absolutely nothing. Some day these crude educators may penetrate the box that obscures their vision, when they will see that hostility to the study of German in our public schools is based upon its futility. They will also recognize that seven-eighths of the pupils leave school heof German as a developer of knowledge be-

The Reduction in Rates,

New York Mail and Express. The fair marks a new era in world exhibitions. The one-fare rates mark the beginning of a new period in railroad history. We say the beginning of a new period, for no new thing ever introduced in the way of cheapening the cost of travel has been thusiasm is healthy, and the more there is put aside after it served a temporary pur-of it the better. It is not boastful, as a pose.

TO REDUCE THE WEIGHT. Chopped Beefsteak for Persons Overburdened with Flesh, Men and women who suffer from over-

> weight, and who have worried with a score of unsatisfactory expedients that promised to reduce uncomfortable adiposity, will surely be interested in the methods of treatment which were employed in the case of the late Senator Stanford; treatment that would probably have been completely successful had not the fatty degeneration of the heart gone beyond the stage where dietette influences were of any avail. None of the known varieties of medicine are really palatable, and all the courses of treatment so far discovered are more or less irksome to those whose health needs repairs, and the course which the Penator was religiously adhering to when he died was most distasteful to him. Fried hashed beef, three times a day, washed down with water that was hot as drinkable water can be, was the only food that entered the Senator's stomach for the last seven weeks of his life. This change of regimen was one against which the patient inwardly rebelled-he had lived as he pleased, and he pleased to live well-but he had placed himself in the hands of a physician who was an expert in the prolongation of threatened men's days, and was faithful to the instructions given. Tempted continually to indulge in the food on which others who sat at his table feasted, the Senstor consumed only the moderate quantity of finely-chopped beef, fried untii cooked through, and the ever-accompanying glass of hot water. The primary result of this diet was the loss of thirtyone pounds of ilesh in fifty days and the departure of that apoplectic floridity which had for the past two or three years been one of the Senator's marked facial characteristics. much longer the treatment would have been continued, and what the ultimate results might have been in this particular case cannot be guessed, for the fatty degeneration of the heart suddenly reached the point of fatality and the dieting came to an end. Medical experience would suggest, though, that everything would have been well had the most vital of organs been unaffected; that the mere buik could easily have been removed and future growth controlled. It is questionable whether the speed of reduction was not too great, and, although in the case under discussion the rate probably had nothing to do with the disease, still the best of the authorities are satisfied that the loss exceeding ten pounds a month is too much of a drain upon ordinary vitality. The principle of the reduction is easily understood. Lean meat being nitrogenous, forms muscle and not fat. Lean meateaten by a very lean person would be difficult of assimilation, for fat is necessary to the assimilative process, but when swallowed by one who is plentifully supplied with fat the combination supports life, and, of course, diminishes the encumbering tissue considerably.

> The usefulness of hot water as an autidyspeptic beverage has long been asserted; it helps digestion as no other perfectly harmless fluid can. Food that is starchy or fat is digested in the small intestines. but lean meat distributes its good qualities from the stomuch, and in that work a sufficiency of hot water materially assists the frequently ineffective gastrie juice, Altogether the "lean meat remedy" seems to be the best yet known for the removal of superfluous tat; and it has the advantages also of being cheap and easy of appilcation.

> > Somebody's Father.

I think that one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground, with his back to a tree, was a soldier, dead. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly clasped in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw that it was an ambrotype of two small children. Man though I was, hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who looked on his children for the last time in this world, who, away off in a seeluded spot, had rested himself against a tree, that he might feast, his eyes on his little loves, brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain had I wanted. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found great lumps gathering in our throats, and mist coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. We stood looking at him for some time. I was thinking of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon, in the mercy of God, she would be left a widow, and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instructively seeemed to understand our thoughts. Not a word was spoken. but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's pioture clasped over his heart. Over his grave, on the tree against which he was sitting, I inscribed the words:

"Somebody's father, July 3, 1863."

Mrs. Langtry's First Appearance,

"I will tell you something funny that happened to me at my first professional appearance, which was in January, 1852. I was to play Blanche Hay, and, if you remember, she has a song in the second set. I do not sing, consequently it was necessary to have some one behind the scene to sing for me while I played the accompaniment

and imitated all the movements. "The first night it was a great success so much so that one critic insisted that was doing all the singing, but the second the singer had either gotten so intoxicated with her own melody or had torgotten her cues that long after the time for her to stop she kept on singing, and, though I was doing nothing but standing with my mouth closed, my music still kept on."

And this reminds one of an incident similar in character, which happened in Boston not so very long ago. An actress on the stage pretended to play the piano. while the real music came from another piano behind the schoes, backed up sgainst the stage piano. She was encored, and was just starting to return to her plane when her double, supposing by the dying away of applance that the actress had reached the piano stool, started up the melody again. And there was the woe-begone woman only half way across the room and her music going by itself! There are comedies of errors every where.

The Good-Night Story. New York Times.

"Every night when I watch my little daughter working off the big thoughts that sweep over her brain as her tired body begins to relax, while her mentility seems to be briefly and proportionately stimulated, I tremble to think of the harm that could be done to her or any child-for Mabel is not an abnormal child in any way-by an ignorant nurse or thoughtiess parent.

"The fact that every normal child cries out for a bedtime story shows that its mental nature needs it just as its physical nature craves sweets. You want to give your child pure candy, so give him the unadulterated story. Leave out the fearful personalities, the grim and gigantic figures-these, even it they are properly vanquished by the gallant hero, are too distinct for the crib-side

"Sit down by your little one's bed and speak low and evenly. Weave a fanciful but quiet story that tells of pretty fairies, and birds, and flowers, and fdroning bees, and loving little boys and girls -these woo sleep to the weary but still active brain, not with the sufficesting pressure of the gathering storm lit with lurid flashes, but with the soft clouds of the sunset horizon that change from rosy pink to tender enveloping gray. and gradually deepen into restful gloom.

Herbert Spencer on Gambling.

In one of his lately published volumes Herbert Spencer says that the English people are "given over to gambling throughout all grades from princes down to potboys." He adds that among such a people it is impossible there should be any noticeable manifestations of that degree of altruistic feeling on which alone rests the progress of the race. He points out that everything which, either in form or effect is of the nature of betung is gambling, whether it be which card will come first in a pack, which horse will win a race, or what will be the price of wheat or of a given stock thirty or sixty days hence. Every kind of transaction in which whatever is gained by any one is lost by some other-whether it be "business" or horse racing- is gambling. In its demoralizing effect it is only surpassed by straightont larceny, in which the victim is not

given a chance to win. Mr. Spencer is not orthodox in religion but he is in the right in his detestation and contempt for the gambling spirit that in this country as in England, has so largely taken possession of society.

Cleve-to that which stands the test, Cleve-to that, both pure and best, Cleveland's Baking Powder.

Cleve—to that which is pure, Cleve—to that which is sure,